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Halloween

(Third Person)

Today was Halloween, but not any Halloween. Today was America and Russia's first Halloween together as a couple. So, like any typical couple, they decided to do a couple costumes. America suggested that they dress up as Among Us characters, so they did.

Currently, the American was struggling to get his costume on, mainly the jacket. He messed with the zipper on the jacket before giving up on it. Russia was on the other side of the door, already in his costume. The Russian knocked on the door before saying. "America? Are you alright?"

"Yep, I'm fine!" America swung the door open with a wide smile on his face. Russia noticed that the jacket was unzipped and sighed. He moved closer to his small boyfriend and zipped up the jacket without any difficulty. "How'd you do that?! Are you a God?!"

Russia chuckled and ruffled America's hair. America huffed as he pushed Russia's hand away. Russia laughed at how cute the American was while America tried to fix his hair. The taller male looked down at his watch, noticing how late it was. "Cmon Ame, we don't want to be late."

"Alright! Give me a moment!" America rushed back into his room, grabbing a little dog plushie that Russia had won him at an amusement park. He ran back out of the room, noticing that Russia was gone. He tilted his head in confusion and made his way downstairs. America looked around before he felt a pair of arms wrap around him.

Out of instinct, America elbowed the person in the stomach. Once the person let go, America turned around expecting to see a criminal but instead it was his boyfriend. "Oh shit! Russia! I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to hurt you!"

“It’s fine, I should’ve known better than to sneak up on you.” Russia rubbed the spot where America hit him. “Shall we get going?”

America nodded and followed Russia as he walked to the door. Russia opened the door for America and waited for the American to be outside before he went out himself. Once the door was closed, they began their walk to their hyper, anime obsessed friend’s house.

After a few minutes of walking, they arrived at a big one story house. Russia held America’s hand and knocked on the door with the other one. A short girl in a school girl uniform and a pink wig opened the door. “America-kun! Russia-kun! Come in!”

She stepped aside to let the two in. America thanked her and looked at the people in the room. Canada was sitting next to Ukraine and Australia. Canada was in a scarecrow costume, Ukraine in a cat costume, and Australia was dressed as a spider.

Germany was talking with Poland while South Korea chimed in every now and again. Germany was dressed as a plague doctor, Poland as Frankenstein’s monster, and South Korea was dressed in a school boy uniform. America looked back at the Japanese girl with the pink wig. “What are you?”

“I’m Mina Ashido!” Russia looked at her with confusion. America gasped in realization and began complimenting her costume. Russia was still confused and Japan noticed. “Mina Ashido is from My Hero Academia. America-kun, you need to show Russia the show sometime.”

“Will do! So what’s the plan for this party?” America asked. Japan thought about it for a moment.

“I was thinking we could watch a horror movie and then play truth or dare.” Russia thought about it. Maybe a horror movie would be fun. America jumped in excitement and started asking when they would start the movie. “Now, I guess. Everyone is here after all.”

Everyone gathered together around the TV. South Korea and Japan sat beside each other on the couch. Russia sat on a beanbag chair. America walked over to him and sat down on his lap, causing

Russia to blush. America cuddled up to him so Russia wrapped his arms around him.

Japan scrolled through movies, asking which one everyone wanted to see. A few moments later, they had picked a movie. They began to watch, laughing at how stupid everyone in the movie was. Occasionally screaming at certain moments. America, unlike others, was terrified by the movie and was screaming while he clung to Russia.

Russia held America close, resting his chin on the American's head. He had to admit, this movie was kind of scary but he could handle it. America, on the other hand, would probably be having nightmares later.

The movie soon ended. Everyone got in a circle while America still clung to Russia on the beanbag chair. Japan held up an empty bottle and set it in the center of the circle. "Umm..I thought we were playing truth or dare."

"We are!" Japan proclaimed after Russia's comment. "I have this bottle so that whoever it lands on will be asked 'truth or dare' does that make sense?"

Ukraine nodded as well as South, but everyone else shook their heads. Japan sighed, saying that she will be the demonstration. She spun the bottle. She growled as it landed on herself. She spun again, this time it landed on Canada.

"Canada-kun! Truth or dare?"

"Truth? I guess?" Canada said in an unsure tone while shrugging.

"Hmm…" Japan thought for a moment, scratching her chin. "How do you feel about America?"

"Well, he's loud and annoying." America gasped dramatically. Russia nodded in agreement, earning a glare from his boyfriend. Canada chuckled and opened his mouth to continue his sentence. "But I don't know what I'd do without him."

"Aww, love you too bro." America got off Russia's lap, only to return

after giving his brother a hug. Canada spun the bottle after America released him from the hug.

"Fick." Germany swore as the bottle landed on him. "Don't ask the question, I know the drill. I pick dare."

"Ok, Germany I dare you to take off two pieces of clothes every time someone chooses dare, starting now." Germany groaned and took off his plague doctor mask and glasses.

"I can't see schieße." Germany blindly grabbed the bottle and spun it. It spun for a good few minutes before landing on America. "Who'd it land on?"

"Me!!" America exclaimed while jumping up. "I choose dare!!"

"Gott verdammt!" Germany shouted as he removed the plague doctor hat and coat. He huffed and stared at the blurry figure of America. "You know what, I dare you to play seven minutes in heaven with Russia."

America's face turned as red as his stripes, Russia's face was similar to the American's. The striped country mumbled to himself before taking Russia's hand and walking away.

The short male led the taller one to a nearby closet. He opened the door and pushed the Russian in, soon following and closing the door.

Surprisingly, the closest was well lit allowing the two to see each other's red faces. They looked into each other's eyes before looking away in embarrassment. Russia cleared his throat, "So what are we going to do?"

America shrugged, thinking about his options. He could just hug Russia until seven minutes were over, but he could also take it further. America decided to test the water a bit before deciding on something.

America looked down at Russia's lips. He began to lean forward for a kiss, Russia did the same without realizing it. Soon enough, their lips were connected. Russia's hands rested on America's hips.

America's eyes fluttered shut as he melted under the other's touch.

The kiss soon became more rough and both males wanted more. America opened his mouth allowing Russia's tongue to explore his mouth. Their tongues fought for dominance, which Russia quickly won.

Russia broke the kiss and moved down to America's neck. He gave the American soft bites until he heard America's breath hitch. Russia started to lick and bite roughly at the sensitive skin.

America moaned quietly as the Russian gave him a hickey. Russia reached for the rim of America's shirt while still sucking on his neck. He was about to pull the American's pants down until the door suddenly swung open.

"Times up you tw-" Japan stopped talking when she noticed what was going on. Russia moved away from America as quickly as he could. America, meanwhile, was frozen in place.

Japan started her fangirl screaming, probably alarming the entire neighborhood. Shocked by the screaming, everyone in the living room ran to where the three were. South Korea examined the three of them and came to the conclusion of what happened.

"Can everyone stop staring?" Russia asked a bit awkwardly. Germany was the first to leave, followed by everyone else. Once everyone was gone, Russia turned to America. "We'll finish this later."

America was about to talk when Russia walked away. He ran after his tall boyfriend back to the living room where the game was still continuing. Russia sat down on the beanbag chair again and pat his lap signaling for America to sit down.

America took the invitation happily, hugging Russia after he sat down. Russia wrapped his arms around the striped boy and pulled him closer. America snuggled up to him and closed his eyes, deciding to take a nap.

The game continued for a few minutes until everyone was bored of

it. Instead they decided to just watch another Halloween movie. Canada suggested The Nightmare Before Christmas so Japan turned the movie on.

America's eyes snapped open when he heard the beginning of This Is Halloween. He sat up and started singing along. Russia smiled at how cute his boyfriend was.

Hours later, the party was over. Russia and America said their goodbyes and left. America skipped in front of Russia, jumping on leaves every now and again.

Suddenly America stopped skipping and he knelt down. Russia walked closer to the American, curious about what he's doing. America bounced back up and turned around to face Russia. In his hands was a bright red leaf. "Look Russia! Isn't it pretty?"

Russia felt a smile form on his face, not from the prettiness of the leaf but from how adorable the country holding it was. Russia nodded and watched as America threw it into the air, letting the wind carry the leaf away.

America took Russia's hand and started walking in the direction of the Russian man's house. America had moved in with Russia when they started dating, mainly 'cause America hated living with his parents.

When they got home Russia opened the door for the both of them, closing it when they both got inside. Russia remembered the closet and what he said. He spun around and pinned America to the door.

"I said we'd continue later, didn't I?" America gulped as Russia got closer to him, connecting their lips in a rough kiss. America melted into the kiss and opened his mouth to allow Russia to explore it. Russia took that invitation and slid his tongue into America's mouth.

Midway through the kiss Russia picked up America and carried him upstairs to the bedroom. He closed the door with his back and set America down on the bed. The Russian began to strip the American from his clothes.

America tugged at Russia's shirt. Russia took the hint and began to rid himself of the costume. Once the clothes were gone Russia grabbed some lube from the nightside table. He squeezed some lube onto his fingers and lined it up to America's entrance.

Russia looked up at America, asking if it was ok. America nodded so Russia slowly pushed his finger in. America moaned in pain and pleasure as Russia moved the finger around.

Russia pushed in his other finger to join the other and began to scissor the America's entrance, stretching it.

Ten minutes later, Russia removed his fingers and started to carefully push his dick into America. America screamed out in pain as he was stretched. Russia gave America a moment to adjust before pulling out and pushing back in.

This slow pace continued for a while until America moaned for more. Russia thrusted faster, causing the American to scream in pleasure. America felt his release getting closer and closer with each thrust. Russia was no different, his thrusts getting slower and sloppier.

With one last thrust, Russia came inside America. America came from the warm, sticky feeling inside him. Russia pulled out after gaining his energy back.

America was out of it, lost on cloud nine. Russia left to go run a bath to clean America up. When he got back America was back to Earth. America let himself be picked up and set in the bathtub.

Russia cleaned up America and dried him afterwards. He carried America to bed, setting him down and laying beside him. As Russia slipped off to sleep, he realized something.

He forgot a confom.

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Word Count: 2146

Spell Check: 1
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So Confom wasn't an error, that was intentional. If you are on my discord then you understand

So this chapter will have a continuation that will be mpreg based

Stay tuned for that!

~Gaylimeboi

Halloween Part 2

(Third Person)

(2 weeks after Halloween)

America wasn't feeling well, he hasn't for weeks now. He'd wake up every morning and feel the need to throw up, food also made him queasy. Russia forced the American to stay in bed, bringing him soup and a trash can when needed. America didn't mind, he was too tired to move anyways.

Today Russia was forced to go back to work, leaving America home alone. Since Russia wasn't there to stop him, he decided to get up out of bed. He sat up, standing after he finished stretching. America stumbled out of the bedroom and down the stairs.

America didn't want to eat anything so he just left the house. He looked around, taking in the fresh air and the morning sun. America then walked to his car, getting in and driving to the store. He stepped out of the car and walked up to the Walmart entrance.

He wandered down aisle after aisle, a shopping basket in his hand. America grabbed a bunch of random foods, thinking about combining them together later, vaguely wondering why. A thought hit him and he began to speed walk to a different aisle on the other side of the Walmart.

America examined the different boxes. He looked from box to box. All of them said the same thing, "99.9% accurate" so America just grabbed a random box and threw it into the basket. He walked up the cash register and began to empty his basket of the things he picked out.

The cashier scanned every object, not questioning the box as they scanned it. America paid and left the Walmart, putting the groceries

in the backseat and getting into the driver's seat. He drove home in silence, wanting to be left alone with his thoughts.

America's black Nissan pulled into the driveway of his and Russia's house. He parked the car and grabbed the groceries from the backseat. When he got inside, he put the groceries away and left out the small box. America opened the box and took it to the bathroom.

After the test was taken, he placed it on the table. America left to go fix himself something to eat. He scooped some strawberry yogurt into a bowl, mixing in some lettuce and peanuts. He took a bit and grimaced. America poured some maple syrup and ranch on it. Now that tasted better to him.

He walked back to the table, looking down at the test with a mouth full of the weird concoctions. America choked on his food after forcing down the food he looked back down. He set the bowl down and picked up the test. There was a plus sign.

He was pregnant.

(Timeskip)

It was seven o'clock at night and Russia was at the floral shop. He felt bad for being gone for too long, especially when America was sick. The Russian decided to get America a bouquet of his favorite flower. The florist gave him the bouquet after he paid.

Russia drove home and unlocked the door of the house. He looked around the house, noticing trash and papers scattered on the floor. Russia dropped the bouquet and bolted around the house, calling for America.

"Can you be quiet?" Russia heard America's faint voice from the bedroom. He rushed into the room only to discover his boyfriend resting on the bed right where he had left him. Russia approached the bed and sat down beside America.

"How are you feeling today? Better?" America nodded as Russia began to pet his head. He thought about the mess downstairs. "Ame, why is there trash all over the floor. It looks like someone broke in."

"Hmm? Oh, I must have sleep walked. Sorry Russki."

"Nyet, it's fine. I'll clean it tomorrow." America let Russia lay down beside him. Not protesting when the Russian pulled him into a hug. America wasn't sure if he should tell his boyfriend or not. He decided to think about it tomorrow, for now he was going to sleep.

(The next day)

America woke up with a jolt, the contents of what he had eaten the day before threatened to come up. Russia felt the movements and shifted to sit up, examining his boyfriend's face. Realization hit him and he instantly shoved the trash can into America's hands. The American emptied his stomach into the trash can while Russia comfortingly rubbed his back.

"We should go to the doctor." Russia spoke softly after America was done vomiting. America shook his head, causing Russia to groan in annoyance. "America, you've been sick for two weeks. I'm worried about you. I think we should go to the doctor."

"Russia, I'm fine!" America snapped suddenly, making Russia flinch. Russia looked at his boyfriend with a hurt expression, he sighed and got up to leave the room. America immediately felt bad and sat up. "Russia, I didn't mean to-"

Russia closed the door as he left, leaving the American alone. His hormones started acting up, he started crying and the tears wouldn't stop. He heard the door open and then Russia's voice. "Ame, are you alright? What's wrong?"

America couldn’t form words as Russia pulled him into a hug. America buried his face into Russia's chest, soaking the Russian’s shirt with his tears. Russia rubbed America's back, kissing his head. "I-I'm sor-rry."

"No, you don't need to be sorry. It's ok. Do you want me to stay home today?" America nodded so Russia called his boss. After the call was over, Russia laid down and pulled America with him. They laid together on the bed, cuddling into the other's warmth.

(4 months later)

America's stomach has grown quite a bit. It's not noticeable that he's pregnant but you can definitely tell that something isn't right. Russia is obviously to America's growing stomach and is just happy that the American is no longer throwing up.

Russia came to the conclusion that it was ok for him to go to work again, so he did. America remained home. He often watched tv until he fell asleep or got hungry. Today he was laying on the couch watching Hamilton, a bucket of popcorn covered in hot sauce in his arms.

He paused the movie when there was a knock on the door. America placed a hand on his stomach and opened the door up. In front of America was a familiar Canadian, a smile plastered on his face. America hugged Canada as soon as the Canadian was inside.

"Hey, Ame. How have you been eh?" Canada asked after his brother released him.

"I'm doing great!!" America exclaimed as he rested his hand on his baby bump again. Canada noticed the positioning of his brother's hand and the realization hit him.

"America, are you..pregnant?" America was shocked that Canada had guessed what was going on but then again this was his brother. Canada smiled happily when America nodded yes. "Oh Ame that's great! I'm sure Russia was thrilled!"

"He actually doesn't know yet-"

"He what!?!? America, why haven't you told him?!" America flinched at Canada's yelling and began to tear up. Canada instantly regretted yelling and he pulled the American into a hug. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell. It's just that..you should tell him."

"I-I don't know how he'll react. What if he leaves me?" America cried out, more tears falling from his eyes. Canada hushed him, doing his best to calm his brother.

"You won't know until you try. Just tell him. I'm sure he'll love you,

I'm sure he'll be happy." America mumbled and moved away from Canada. Canada's phone buzzed and he looked down at it. "Sorry, Ame. I have to go. Promise that you'll tell Russia."

"I promise." Canada then left. America walked back over to the couch and laid down. He unpaused Hamilton and continued eating the popcorn.

Hours pass and America is now watching a different movie. He begins to close his eyes but the loud noise of the door opening snaps his eyes open. "Meri, I'm home!"

"Jesus, Russia, don't scare me!" America yelled as he sat up. Russia apologized as he sat down to sit next to his boyfriend. America cuddled up to him and sighed as Russia wrapped his arm around America's shoulder. America drifted off into a deep sleep, leaning his full weight into Russia.

(6 months)

Russia had started noticing some weird behaviors in his boyfriend. Weird food combinations, mood swings, and the growing of his stomach. Russia was worried at first but while looking around in America's drawers he found it.

A positive pregnancy test.

Russia was going to be a father and he couldn't be happier. He needed to find his pregnant boyfriend so he could shower him with love. Before he could begin the search, he heard sniffling. Russia turned to see America crying in the doorway.

"P-please don't be mad. D-don't leave me. D-don't leave us." America sobbed, wiping the tears out of his eyes. Russia rushed over and hugged him.

"I would never leave you. I couldn't be happier to be a father. I'm more upset that you didn't tell me." America looked up at him, tears still falling.

"R-Really?" America asked as Russia wiped the tears away. Russia nodded, making the American smile. "I love you, Russki."

"I love you too, Meri." Russia pet America's head and kissed his forehead. "How many months along are you?"

"Six. Six months." America mumbled as Russia's eyes widened.

"Did you get an ultrasound? Did you find out the gender? Does the baby look healthy? Do you have a picture of the ultrasound?" Russia asked quickly, causing America to chuckle a bit.

"Yes I got an ultrasound and a printed picture of it. I found out the gender if you want to know. And the baby is healthy." America reached past Russia to the drawers and pulled out a photo. He handed it to Russia and watched the Russian's face brighten up.

"They're adorable! What's the gender?"

"Female, it's a baby girl." Russia grinned happily and stroked the picture with his thumb. America moved beside him and hugged him from the side. Russia started tearing up as he looked at the beautiful photo in his hands.

"Kira." Russia mumbled, confusing the American. Russia looked at his boyfriend's confused face and smiled. "We should name her Kira."

"That's a nice name." America snuggled up to Russia. Russia smiled and pet America's head. America's breathing became gentle and even. Russia picked up America and laid him down in bed, laying down beside him before pulling the covers up.

(9 months)

Russia was sitting on the couch with America while giving him a back rub since his back was hurting a lot. America relaxed under his boyfriend's touch, sighing out.

America felt a weird pain in his stomach but he ignored it. Russia stopped in the middle of rubbing America's back as a puddle started to pool under America. The American looked down and back up at Russia.

The Russian sprung into action and picked up America to bring him

to the car. America was surprisingly calm for the current situation while Russia was panicking.

In no time, they were at the hospital. America was laid on a hospital bed as a doctor and a midwife came into the room. America held Russia's hand as the first contraction hit him. The doctor told him to push so the American did so.

Russia winced as America practically broke every bone in his hand. America was in total pain but after hours of pushing, it was over. Their baby's cries rang out through the room. Russia looked up from calming America so he could look at the small baby.

The midwife passed the baby girl to America. Russia looked at his little girl's face. A blue stripe across her face as well as red and white stripes. In the corner of the blue stripe was a dark blue square with stars.

Russia beamed happily at his boyfriend and daughter. He leaned down and hugged both of them. America smiled but soon started to feel sleepy. Russia took Kira away from America, chuckling as America tried to reach for their baby.

Kira opened her eyes and revealed a beautiful ombre of amber, blue and green. Russia felt tears prickle at the corner of his eyes as a wide smile formed on his face. He hugged the small baby, causing Kira to giggle.

"She's beautiful." Russia thought as his baby girl yawned.

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Work count: 2,091

Wow it's finally done. Umm sorry it took so long

My Among Us book is on a break and so is this one

I have school work and I lost a family member so I will be gone for a while

Cya
~~~~~~~~

~Gaylimeboi

The Truth Behind America's Eyes

(Third Person P.O.V)

Russia has been dating America for years now but not once has he seen the American's eyes. At first it didn't bug the Russian but after years of seeing nothing but sunglasses, he started getting curious.

When Russia asked America if he could see his eyes, the American declined. Russia decided to give up after months of asking.

Today was just like all the others. America woke up before Russia and got ready for work. Russia would wake up and meet the American in the kitchen.

They had a meeting today so they got into the car and started driving, well Russia drove. America had never even touched a steering wheel before, he didn't even have a driver's license.

Russia was usually the one to drive. He also cooked more than America. Russia didn't mind but others thought it was weird.

They arrived at the meeting and sat in their respective chairs until the meeting ended. Afterwards Russia and America got caught up in...some romantic action after everyone left.

After an hour, they finished. America got up and stumbled to the door, walking face first into the oak door. Russia jumped up and rushed over as America was getting back up.

"America, are you alright?" The American nodded, rubbing his head. Russia held the side of his boyfriend's face. "Maybe it'd be easier to see without your sunglasses."

"Russia, wait-" The Russian took off America's sunglasses before he

could finish his sentence. He froze. What he was was one green and one blue eye. Both eyes glazed over. America teared up after feeling his sunglasses get pulled off. "R-Russia."

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Word Count: 274

Sorry this was so short, just wanted to dish something out to you guys

So this was based off of a comic I made

[image]

Here it is if you want to read it

So hope you like this and I'll see you all later

Also here's a funny thing that auto fill gave me while writing

[image]

"Maybe it'd be easier to see without your eyes."

~Russia 2020

Ok bye

~Gaylimeboi
~~~~~~~~

Paralyzer

[image]

So here's a one-shot based on the song above

Warning Includes
Smut
Alcohol

I can't think of anything else so let's begin

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(Russia's P.O.V)

I was invited to a party. I don't understand why though. No one likes me. They're mostly afraid of me.

I sigh. Maybe this won't be too bad.

I was wrong.

This party is the most uncomfortable I've ever been. People are
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everywhere, triggering my anxiety.

I nervously hold my drink. I ended up taking the entire of vodka seeing as no one else was touching it.

My focus went to my hands, ignoring the constant chatter around me. Suddenly loud laughter broke out, catching my attention. I look up and spot someone I've never seen before.

He was shorter than the country he was talking to. His hair looked so fluffy, I just wanted to reach out and pet it. He had a red and white stripes with a blue square in the right corner that was decorated with striking white stars.

But what caught my attention was his eyes.

Beautiful heterochromia eyes.

One an icy, pale blue eye and the other a vibrant, warm yellow. His blue eye was surrounded by a black eyeball and a white pupil. The yellow was the opposite, creating a beautiful combination.

Shit, I must have been staring for too long, he's coming towards me!

I look away as he walks up to me, my face burning up. He grabbed my chin and forced me to look at him, making my face flush more.

"Hey there big guy.~" He purred. Oh God have mercy on me.

He leaned forward and lean in close enough to whisper in my ear. "I couldn't help but notice you staring. We could both have some fun. I've been in need of a good fuck and you'll do just nicely."

I completely froze, closing my eyes. This wasn't what I was expecting. I've never had sex before. How do I do it? I don't even know this guy! He is hot but still!

I ripped out of my thoughts as I start to feel a grinding on my crotch. I opened my eyes to see him grinding on me. My mind goes fuzzy as I grip onto his hips.

"What do you say we take this upstairs?" I don't answer and instead

pick him up, carrying him upstairs.

I quickly found a room and opened it, closing the door once inside.

(Third Person P.O.V)

Russia pinned America to the bed and began to kiss the American's neck. America whimpered and held onto Russia’s shoulders.

The Russian bit down on a certain spot on the American's neck causing him to dig his nails into Russia and moan quietly. Russia smirked, moving his hand to the hem of America's shirt.

Russia detached himself from America's neck to remove his and the American's shirt. After the article of clothing was gone, America pushed Russia back and started to undo the other's belt.

Russia watches as the American unzip his pants and pulled his boxers down. America held Russia's dick in his hand and began to stroke it at a slow pace. Russia groaned, leaning his head back as America linked the tip.

The American took half of Russia in his mouth and began to bob his head, his pace getting increasingly faster. Russia placed his hand on the back of America’s head and pushed him deeper.

America choked a bit but soon adjusted. Russia felt a knot build up in his stomach and right when he was about to release America lifted his mouth off Russia's dick.

"W-why'd you stop?" Russia stuttered, a bit disappointed as the knot disappeared.

"Patience." America hummed as he sat up, removing his own pants and boxers. Russia stared for a moment before looking away.

America paid no attention to the Russian and instead started to prepare himself. Getting lube and stretching himself.

Russia was finally brought back to the moment by America sinking down on his length. Russia groans were overshadowed by America's loud moans.

America carefully lifted himself up only to sink back down. Soon the pace became faster, but not fast enough for Russia. So he pushed America back on the bed and began to pound into him.

America clung onto the sheets, mouth wide open as moans and drool came out. The Russian himself was getting closer and closer to release. After a few more thrusts, both males came.

They were both exhausted, Russia was panting while America was trying not to pass out. Russia pulled out and collapsed on the bed, pulling America into a tight hug. America didn't protest and instead fell asleep.

Russia chuckled and pulled the blankets up to cover them. He closed his eyes, drifting off to sleep.

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Word Count: 797

Jesus that took me forever to finish

So basically if you listened to the song you'd understand why I went with the smut route

And also I would like you guys to give me some ideas for one-shot ideas

Smut ideas here

Fluff here

Angst here

Ok so I'll be going now, be sure to leave requests for me and I'll try my best to get to them

~Gaylimeboi
~~~~~~~~

Rockabye

[image]

Warning Includes:
Prostitution
Theft

Based of the song above

Hope you enjoy

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(Third Person P.O.V)

A cold, dark alley occupies a big city. Living in that alley was a mother and his son.

This mother was America.

He had been abused by his boyfriend and kicked out for being pregnant.

America gave birth and struggled to get money for him and his son. He had stolen food. He's stood on street corners, selling his body to get money.

In the mornings he would sit out on the street with a cup as he held his son close. People would steal from him and kick the cup. Sometimes there would be nice people who would give him food but that was rare.

Today was no different. He sat, wrapped in a blanket with his cardboard sign and cup. It was winter, the coldest time of the year. He shivered, clutching his baby closer to him.

Three people stopped in front of him. One was a tall man with a weird looking hat. The other two were women. One girl with a white striped scarf leaned down and put a twenty dollar bill in
~~~~~~~~

America's cup.

The tall man took his hat off and placed it on America's head. He then spoke in a heavy Russian accent. "To keep yourrr head varrm."

"Th-thank you." America held back tears. The girl with the scarf followed the man's lead and wrapped her scarf around America's neck.

America couldn't hold it back anymore, he broke down. Warm tears leaked from his eyes and dripped onto his baby's head, causing them to cry.

America panicked, moving the blanket to check on his son. The girl who gave him the scarf gasped upon seeing the baby. She turned to the taller man and whispered. "Нет Belarrus. Let's go."

The girl protested as the tall man dragged her away. The other girl stayed behind, taking her beanie off and placing it on the baby's head. She then left.

America watched them leave, he wrapped the end of the scarf around his baby's neck as well. He pulled the blanket back over himself.

The day went on, people dropped change and dollars into the cup but no one was a nice as the three people. America looked up as the sunset, sighing because he knew what he had to do now.

He got up, taking off the clothes above his "work" outfit. America found a safe place and wrapped his baby up in the blanket and the stuff the people left him.

America made his way to his usual street corner and stood there. The cold air bit at his skin causing him to shiver. He staighted out as a car pulled up to him.

The driver unlocked the car doors and signaled for America to get in. He hesitantly got in and was immediately told to get to work.

The American did as told, hating ever part of it but he needed to do this. Even if it breaks him, he needs to do it. For his sweet little

baby. The needed to do it to keep the only good thing in his life alive.

Finally it was over and America limped back to where he left his baby. He dressed himself and held his son close to him as he wrapped himself in the blanket.

(Timeskip)

The morning came and America was back in this same spot he was yesterday. His sign up and cup empty. Today was a warmer day so America wrapped his baby in warmth, caring less about himself.

"Родной брат! Посмотрите!! (Brother! Look!!)" America looked up, seeing the three people from yesterday. The girl who spoke ran up to him, giving him a hug.

"Belarrus, let him go." The tall man told her but Belarus refused to let go. He sighed and looked at the American. "You arrre vearing ushanka I gave you."

America nodded after Belarus let him go. The Belarusian country turned to her brother. "Мы можем ему помочь? (Can we please help him?)"

"Нет Беларуси. (No Belarus.)"

"пожалуйста!! (Please!!)" The man sighed and gave a tired ok. Belarus jumped up, pulling America with her.

"W-what's happening?" America stuttered as he shivered from the cold.

"We are helping you!" She announced, surprising America.

"H-helping me?" Belarus nodded as she held America’s hand and skipped. The tall male and quiet girl followed close behind. Belarus led him to a car and opened the door for him.

America shakily got in as the tall man got in the driver's seat. The American held his baby close to him as a nervous habit. Belarus sat beside him and took the hat off of America's head. "Russia wants his

hat back."

Russia grabbed his hat from Belarus and put it on. After the other girl got in, the car began to move.

(Timeskip)

They arrived at a house and America was given some clothes to change into. America took a shower and changed into the clothes, feeling very refreshed.

Russia was sitting on the couch as he watched the other girl tend to America's son. America sat on the couch next to Russia and took his baby from the blue and yellow country.

"How long have you be on ze strreets?" America thought for a while. He's been pregnant on the street for 9 months and his son is a year old.

"A year and nine months." Russia looked shocked but stayed silent. America hugged his baby and cried. Russia looked at him with a pitiful expression.

"Vhat's vrrrong?" He asked as America wiped the tears away.

"I remember when it all went wrong. My boyfriend kicked me out when he found out I was pregnant. I had nowhere to go so I was stuck on the streets. To make money I had t-to be-come a pr-ostit-tute."

Russia felt bad and hugged the American, being careful of the baby in America's arms. "I'm sorrrry you had to go zrough zat."

"Thank you for helping me." America cried and fell asleep.

Russia let him go, taking the baby from America so he wouldn't drop him. America reached around for his son but after some calming words from Russia he stopped.

Belarus walked in, looking at her brother and America. "You two would look so cute together."

Russia's face flushed and he glared at his sister. She laughed, leaving the room. The Russian looked down at America and blushed. He was kinda cute but he just met the man for God's sake.

(A year later)

America got back from an interview at a job he was applying for. Russia had grown close to America and they became friends. So America told Russia the news about the interview and how he got the job.

Russia was happy for him but upset that America would be moving out when he had enough money. He had grown to develop a crush on the small man and didn't want him to leave.

America's son had before a son of his own, he didn't want them to just disappear from his life.

America had also been feeling the same. He likes the Russian and doesn't want to leave him.

Russia decided that he was just going to get his emotions out so he invited America out on a walk. America excepted.

America was happy to spend time with Russia and walked with him to the park. Suddenly Russia swung around a kissed him. America's eyes went wide but he soon melted into it.

Russia pulled away and looked into America's eyes. "Sorry, I had to do that before I regretted it."

"It's alright Russia." America smiled, feeling loved for the first time in years. "I love you."

"I love you more." Russia smirked as he hugged America.

"Impossible." The American mumbled back.

They shared one last kiss before heading home where they were bombarded with questions from Ukraine and Belarus.

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Word Count: 1325

So the ending was lazy, I kinda got tired towards the end but this is my favorite one-shot so far

I hope you like it and I'll see you next time

~Gaylimeboi

Lily

[image]

Warning Includes
Hypnotizing
Blood
Mind control

Enjoy

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(Third Person P.O.V)

America grew up in a castle. Sheltered from the world around him. The only thing he ever knew was the kingdom. But beyond the walls surrounding the kingdom, he didn't know what was out there.

All he knew was that it was dangerous. His mother told him stories about the world beyond the walls. It was dangerous. That's all he knew.

America was terrified to leave the kingdom. So he didn't. For years he lived in the kingdom. Life became boring. The same routine played out everyday. He was tired of it.

So one day, when the sun was setting. He left. America climbed onto the wall and jumped onto the ground on the other side.

Beyond the wall was a dark forest. America walked into the forest a bit skeptical. The cold air of the forest swarmed around him. He shivered and stumbled around.

Suddenly, he became aware of someone else following him. America turned around only to see nothing. He sighed and turned back around, jumping back when he saw someone right in front of him.

The man had a white, blue, and red face. On top his head was a
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brown ushanka. His eyes were a warm amber. He was smiling. America moved back but the man put out his hand and shook his hand.

"I am Russia. Don't worry, I won't hurt you." America pulled his hand away from Russia, who didn't seem to mind. "You seem lost. I'll help you get home. Just follow me."

Russia began walking but America didn't move. Russia moved back to America. "Maybe you don't want to go home, huh?"

America stayed silent. Russia grinned and held out his hand. A bright blue orb appeared in his hand. America stared in awe, moving closer to the blue light.

The American's mind became hazy and he found himself following the Russian man. He tried telling himself to stop but his body didn't budge.

Russia lead him to a cabin. The American sat down on a chair when Russia told him to. Russia pulled out a knife. America panicked in his head, struggling to get out of the mind control.

Russia approached him, stabbing the knife into America's leg. The American tried to scream out but no noise escaped. Slowly the Russian sawed his leg off with the knife.

America felt dizzy as he watched Russia put his leg on a grill. His eyes started to shut and everything went cold.

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Word Count: 400

Hahahahahah

Ok that was short and also lazy but fun to write the escalation of events

It's not my favorite but whatever

I'll be leaving now
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~Gaylimeboi

Hymn For The Missing

[image]

It was a dark night. Two figures were walking together, side by side. One taller than the other, on top his head was a hat with two flaps. He wore a gray coat with white fur on the hood.

Beside him was a smaller man. Sunglasses rested on his head. He wore a tank top with a hoodie over his shoulders.

The moon casted a shadow behind the two men. But one shadow was missing.

((Present time))

The tall male was sitting in a graveyard, this male was Russia. He sat staring at a gravestone, like he did every day. Russia brought flowers..roses..his favorite flowers. Not Russia's favorite flowers but his lover's favorite.

This was his grave after all. Russia had lived months without his love but it felt like years. He was there for lover's death and he'll be here until his own death.

Russia buried his face in his scarf, looking sadly at the words on the gravestone.

America Washington DC
1776 - 2021
Loving boyfriend, son, and brother
Rest In Peace

Russia set the flowers down at the foot of the gravestone, picking up the withered flowers. He leaned on the gravestone, wishing for the warmth of America but only feeling the cold stone on his face.

He closed his eyes, welcoming sleep. But when he woke up. It wasn't the same. He was staring down at his boby beside the

gravestone.

He was dead.

Russia looked around the graveyard, trying to see if he can spot his love but nothing was there.

He called out but there was no response.

Russia stepped away from the graveyard, walking along the street. The world seemed darker all of a sudden but he kept walking.

The Russian walked for hours, searching for his American. And after hours, he found him. The American was standing in front of a bright light.

Russia ran to him. He reached his hand out to touch America, but he disappeared and Russia was pulled into the white abis.

As the light began to die down, he saw America. The American was smiling at him as he reached down to help Russia up.

Russia took his hand, something he wasn't able to do in years. The taller man broke down crying as he hugged his America close.

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Welp that was the end of that

I started this two months ago and completely forgot about it-

So here it is

Hope you like my horrible writing

Cya next time

~Gaylimeboi
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Requests!

So I have run out of ideas

Now I'm letting you guys give me ideas for rusame one-shots

I'll do fluff, smut (not my favorite but I'll do it), angst, and mpreg

I won't do rape but other than that I don't have any restrictions

Just want something to entertain myself

Have fun requesting

I look forward to reading them and writing them

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

WHEN MAKING A REQUEST, PLEASE STATE THE CONTEXT OF WHAT YOU WANT ME TO WRITE.

DO NOT JUST SAY YOU WANT FLUFF, TELL ME AN IDEA YOU WANT ME TO BUILD A ONE SHOT OF